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For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

E S S A Y.

No. I.

"Variety we still pursue,

"In pleasure seek for something new."

SWIFT.

IN man there is a natural love of change and variety: the mind is wearied by a continual succession of similar objects, those pleasures which at first were capable of inspiring emotions of delight; which once filled the heart with rapture and enthusiasm; as they become familiar, fade by degrees, they lose their brilliancy, the charm of novelty is gone, and soon they please no more. The sublimer works of nature, which have roused the attention of the traveller, excite not similar sensations in the bosoms of those who have been long acquainted with their beauties: the lofty mountain "with its robe of mist," the stupendous cliff that overlooks the torrent, and the loud sounding waters of the tremendous cataract, neither strike them with veneration nor with awe. Their eyes wander with languor and indifference, over those scenes in which nature has been most lavish of its beauties. The mind is attracted by diversity, we follow with avidity any object which appears fascinating and pleasing, until some fresh pursuit which fancy has furnished with superior charms captivates the imagination. This love of variety is predominant in the breast of every individual, it alike exists in the lowly cottage and the splendid palace, in the circles of business and in the vortex of pleasure, in the obscure paths of folly and ignorance, and in the exalted walks of literature and science: and although those objects which at a distance appeared dazzling and beautiful, may lose their brightness on a nearer approach, still the acquirements which have cost us much labor and pain, have something in them peculiarly grateful. Man has ever been considered as a fickle and inconstant being, rarely content with his present situation, but continually looking out for brighter and fairer prospects. This restlessness of the human mind has been considered by some rigid moralists, as a source of trouble and vexation to those who are under its influ-

ence, but it is also a source of our greatest enjoyments: cold must be that heart, which is insensible to all the charms of variety, and but little calculated to partake of present joys, or to anticipate the more sublime and exalted pleasures which are hid behind the impenetrable veil of futurity.

A. D.

DECEMBER 31, 1796.

J U S T I C E.

JUSTICE may be defined that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues: and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

DEATH OF A PHILOSOPHER.

LET others bestrew the hearsthes of the great with panegyric. When a philosopher dies, I consider myself as losing a patron, an instructor, and a friend; I consider the world as losing one who might serve to console her amidst the desolations of war and ambition. Nature every day produces in abundance men capable of filling all the requisite duties of authority; but she is a niggard in the birth of an exalted mind, scarcely producing in a century a single genius to bless and enlighten a degenerate age. Prodigal in the production of kings, governors, mandarines, chams, and courtiers, she seems to have forgotten, for more than three thousand years, the manner in which she once formed the brain of a Confucius; and well it is she has forgotten, when a bad world gave him so very bad a reception.

New York

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;

OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAPIA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.*Translated from the German of Tschink.*

(Continued from page 211.)

ALUMBRADO was of the same opinion, our advice was however neglected, for the next morning when I went to see the Duke, I found the Count had already been liberated. The matter happened in the following manner:

The Duke had paid him one more visit at night, in order to get some explanation of Amelia's history, asking the Count whether his account of Amelia's adventures had been strictly true, or intermixed with fiction? The Count confessed frankly that he had not been very conscientious in his relation, but had added to his picture many fictitious strokes; nay, that he had disfigured even the principal incidents by interpolation, in order to encrease by his adventurous tale, the Duke's propensity to wonderful incidents, and thus to render Amelia more interesting to him. The Duke asked him how he could have risked a fraud which the first meeting with the Countess could have laid open to him. "I was well aware," the Count replied, "that you as well as Amelia would be prompted by the tender harmony which made your hearts beat in unison, to avoid speaking of incidents which would have introduced Amelia's late Lord and her love for him." The Duke asked him whether the Irishman had not acted in concert with Lady Delier? "Only as far as he made use of her to direct the love that had taken place between your Grace and Amelia," the Count answered; "the conditions and restrictions under which the Baroness was to assist in forwarding your mutual union are unknown to me." The Count being asked, whether that wonderful note by which Amelia had been released from her vow of eternal fidelity to her deceased Lord, had been a contrivance of Hiermanfor's natural skill, or the effect of supernatural power; the Count replied, the latter had been the case. The Duke had been affected so much by the repeated mention of his Amelia, that he began to melt in tears. The Count thought this state of mind very propitious for regaining his liberty, and obtained it without difficulty. What could the Duke have refused in that situation to Amelia's brother-in-law?

Alumbrado seemed to be not less displeased with this event than myself. My hope that the Count would entirely destroy, by an ample discovery of the juggling tricks of the Irishman, the Duke's belief in the supernatural skill of the latter was now utterly destroyed, for he had not unfolded the most important mystery; the apparition of Antonio at the church-yard. Yet I derived some consolation from the papers of Clairval, which were still in the hands of the Duke, and proposed to throw some light on that extraordinary incident. My friend himself seemed to entertain the same hope, and although the papers had been partly consumed by the fire, yet he was not discouraged, and undertook the laborious task of

decyphering them. We retired lest we should disturb him.

The next morning Alumbrado came to my palace, informing me that he went to pay a visit to the Duke, but had not been admitted. We concluded from this, that he had not yet finished decyphering of the papers.

The Duke joined us about an hour after with gloomy looks, he gave me some writings and said, "that is all that I could make out; read it and edify yourself."...

I began to read aloud, "Beloved and trusty..." the Duke interrupted me—"It is a letter to Hiermanfor, written by the Lady of the late Duke of B—a, at a time when he had little hope of ascending the royal throne of P—l."

"Beloved and trusty! I have read all your letters to our Privy Secretary, along with the note by which you acquaint him with your intention of introducing Miguel to the Hermit. I always read your letters with admiration, yet I cannot but confess that I have great reason to suspect you have it more at heart to be admired, than to gain Miguel over to our party. I should think Miguel could have been secured to us in a safer, easier, and more expeditious manner, and you would have saved yourself a great deal of time and trouble if you had attempted it. Why those superfluous machinations, why those expensive, intricate, artificial, and give me leave to add, those fragile machines which so easily may be destroyed? You could certainly have ensnared Miguel in a more simple and a less precarious manner. Machineries like those which you have made use of are always liable to the danger of being discovered by accident, which may ruin the whole plan.

"You will perhaps reply, that, if he should make such a discovery, it would be of little consequence; that you know this Miguel too well, are too sensible of your superiority, that he cannot do without you, and that you keep him in chains which he will not be able to shake off, though your whole miraculous web should be dissolved in smoke. But, if so, wherefore those needless artifices? What benefit will arise from your miracles and ghosts? The love intrigue with Amelia, and the charm of your eloquence would have been sufficient for gaining Miguel over to our party.

"I may be mistaken, your proceedings are however riddles to me, if I do not suppose that an arrogant activity has prompted you to contrive extraordinary intrigues, and to have recourse to marvellous machineries. People of your genius are wont to do so. You despise the ways of common men, force new roads through insurmountable rocks, entangle your man in numberless magic fetters, with no other view, than to have the pleasure of seeing your prisoner ensnare himself deeper and deeper by his attempts to regain his liberty. The simple, artless turn of a play, does not suit a genius like your's, which delights only in knitting and dissolving intricate knots, and in having recourse to artificial, complicated machines; obstacles and dan-

"gers serve only to give additional energy to your activity. Miguel was, perhaps, only an object which was to serve you for trying your skill and art, in order to see how far you could rely on your capacities for more important opportunities.

"But however it be, I am rather bound to thank you for your zeal to serve our cause, than to criticise the choice of the means you have made use of. Accomplish what you have begun, and you may be sure of my favour and active gratitude."

While I had been reading, the Duke walked up and down the room with hasty strides. He now stopped. "Well, Marquis! well, Alumbrado!" said he, "do I not act a charming part in this letter?"

We remained silent, because we saw that he was violently agitated.

"They treat me as a simpleton, as a blockhead. Is it not true?"

"How you exaggerate it!" said I. "They ascribe to you want of experience, and that is all."

"O Marquis, don't you see in what a tone, and with how much contempt the proud woman speaks of me?"

"She is a woman who mistakes you."

"Heavens and earth! and I should brook her injuries without taking revenge?"

"My Lord!" Alumbrado said, "in what relation have you been to the Dutchess? I cannot see the connection of the whole affair?"

The Duke explained this connection to him, by discovering the share he had had in the revolution.

Alumbrado was all attention during this account, and when it was finished seemed to be absorbed in profound meditation.

"Friend!" said I to the Duke, "there are some more written leaves" —

"It is Hiermanfor's answer to the letter you have been reading."

I read the letter aloud.

"It is with no small astonishment that I find myself called to an account, in the letter which your Grace did me the honour of writing to me, for a point which I sincerely wish never had been mentioned. The remarks you have made on it redound as much to the honour of your Grace's penetration and sagacity, as they tend to mortify me by betraying me into a confession, which I would have refused to make to any mortal living, except to so noble a challenger.

"My second letter to your Privy Secretary, explaining sufficiently the motives which have prompted me to gain Miguel over to our party by the arts of natural magic, I think I need not add new arguments to those contained in that letter, if your Grace will take the trouble to re-peruse and to ponder them attentively. Besides the reprehension of your Grace is directed less against the means which I have made use of, than against the manner of their application. You ask in

"your letter, why I have had recourse to such superfluous machinations, to such expensive, intricate, artificial, and fragile machines? Indeed you think too contemptibly of Miguel. His penetration, as well as his great knowledge, raise him far above the common men of his age; his understanding, which has been improved under the tuition of an Antonio de Galvez, is not to be imposed upon so easily as you think. Besides, you will have the goodness to consider that he was not the only person I had to deal with, and that his tutor, who never stirred from his side, was always ready to cut asunder the magical bonds in which I had entangled him, but why do I hesitate any longer to tell you the plain truth? My design was not directed against Miguel alone, but on his tutor too. It was the most ardent wish of my heart to gain this man to our party by my magical arts, and that it was which forced me to have recourse to so many machinations, and such expensive and complicated machines. If my design upon him had been crowned with success, Miguel too would have been an easy and certain conquest.

"If your Grace should ask what has prompted me to form so daring a plan, and what reasons I had to hope for success? I beg you will condescend to ponder the following points: Count Galvez was an insurmountable obstacle in my way to Miguel, which rendered it necessary either to draw him in our interest, or to remove him from his pupil. It will be obvious to you for what reason I resolved to attempt the former, if you will consider how much advantage our affairs would have derived from so valuable a conquest. If we could have made sure of Antonio, we then should also have drawn the court of Rome in our interest by his intercession. Before the present Pope was raised to the papal throne, he and a number of persons of the highest rank were intimately connected with him. We could, therefore, have expected to interest for our cause by his influence a court, which will become our most dangerous enemy, if it should not take our part; and I apprehend this will be the case."

* On the margin of the manuscript, the following note was written by an unknown hand: "The Irishman has not been mistaken, for nine years are now past since the revolution has taken place, and the new king of Port^{***} has not yet been acknowledged by the court of Rome."

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

THIS extraordinary genius, in his younger life, wrote a very biting satire against a man of considerable influence in France. The injured gentleman, on meeting the poet one day in a narrow lane where it was impossible to escape, gave him a severe drubbing. The enraged author immediately made his complaint to the Regent, who very shrewdly replied—"What would you have me do? justice certainly has been done already."

O S M I R.

AN ORIGINAL ESSAY.

THE predecessors of Osmir were ignoble and obscure. For a race of generations they wept the conflicts of indigence, nor could the toils of application crown their efforts with advantage, nor the utmost frugality secure their labours from distress; the importance of command never owned their authority, and the radiance of splendour never shone on their dwelling. They eat of the bread of industry, they drank the waters of perseverance, they lived unnoticed and undistinguished among the children of poverty, as one atom in the sun-beam is undistinguished from another, and as the ebullitions of a current which float for a moment on its surface and die, even so they disappeared and were remembered no more.

But the tempest of malediction began at length to subside, and the severity of fortune to abate her resentment. Malevolence was wearied with undeserved persecution, and prosperity beheld the cot of wretchedness with an auspicious smile, and determined to lavish upon Osmir what she had withheld from his ancestors. He was addicted to industry, to perseverance and toil; his principles were therefore the surest basis whereon time was to erect the superstructure of gilded affluence. In a few years Osmir contemplated the fruits of his application, which animated his endeavours to advance with more hasty strides in the road of progressive grandeur; riches were accumulated, possessions were established, his habitation surpassed the pomp of oriental magnificence, and the report of his opulence was the talk of every mouth, and wafted through every region on the pinions of fame. In order to subdue the murmurs of repining adversity, and establish a position, which though it was probable was yet untrue, that the bounties of Heaven were bestowed upon deserving virtue alone, he resolved to cover his imperfections with the mantle of devotion, by which more liberty was allowed to the passions which lay lurking in secret within the chambers of his heart. Confirmed in this disposition, he was impartial and correct in his dealings with all men; the venom of slander had no influence on his character; for he trod the paths of moral rectitude with exact scrupulosity. Was propitiation ordained to avert the wrath of omnipotence?—his head was covered with the ashes of Bethulia, and his loins were mortified with the sack-cloth of Ninevah; his piety refused the sustenance which human fragility demands for her functions, and thrice a day he fell prostrate at the shrine of the God of nature. Whenever Osmir walked the streets for the purpose of recreation, he was begirt with attendants who showered gold on the multitude, and whom he exhorted in their liberality to more extensive profusion. The widow and the orphan, the desolate and the indigent, all looked for succour from the bounty of his hand, and all felt the influence of his generous condescension. Not an act that was performed escaped the voice of applause, for if Osmir was liberal, compassionate or just, his merit was instantly registered in the

chronicles of fame, who with her trump of seven thunders, blew a blast round the world which was echoed through the universe.

Such was the life of a mortal whom prosperity delighted to elevate; such was his journey through the vales of desolation, uninfested with the thorns of accident or bitterness, and perfumed with the fragrance of the rose-buds fortune scattered in his way. But whilst Osmir thus employed the happy tenor of his days, now feasting on delicacies at the banquet of plenty, now dancing to the song of happiness in the bowers of ease, the iron hand of time laid its pressure on his temples, the frost of old age was expanded through his veins, and the powers of animation hastened quick to decline. It was in vain to bribe with riches the dreaded minister of death; it was in vain to protract a moment the awful period of dissolution. Summoned at the report of sickness his friends assembled in his chamber, where stretched on the bed of sorrows, human nature was to be dignified, and human weakness was to be confirmed by an illustrious portrait of expiring virtue. But how great was the excess of disappointment and surprize, when, instead of the tranquility of hope, and ejaculations of charity, their ears were assaulted with the shrieks of despair, and their eyes were affrighted with terrific wretchedness. Osmir, whose visage was deformed with terrors, as the brow of heaven with a tempest, was long unable to hearken to the remonstrances of his friends; at length, however, collecting the feeble breath, which, like the flame of a midnight taper, sat quivering on his lips, he uttered these last accents with emphatic efforts, whilst every voice was suspended in silence, and every ear was attention.

“Ye, whom vanity has influenced in the operation of good works, and whom earthly approbation has taught to exult in their merit, let the example of dying disquietudes abate the security of your confidence. Like you, I have floated on the ocean of glory, I have felt my senses enraptured with the melody of praise, and suffered my heart to receive plaudits which my conscience condemned. Like you, I was liberal, because to be liberal was to be eminent, and like you also, I estimated the advantages of heaven by terrestrial enjoyments. Prosperity shed around me the partial beams of her favour, nor harboured a doubt, nor hesitated to reflect, if the object of her veneration deserved contempt or esteem. Avarice and vain glory were raging passions of my soul, to heat the furnace of these desires was the sole object of my aim; by the one I was rendered odious to the great dispenser of gifts, and by the other detrimental to the sons and daughters of men. This, by the malignity of its turpitude, which withheld what it had received with the rapacious grasp of a vulture, effaced the character of the Deity imprinted by nature in my soul; and the other by a cruelty more inhuman than murder, has awakened passions in the breast of indigence, which had slept for ever undisturbed, and for the mercenary tribute of undeserved approbation has elevated for a moment to magnificence

and state, only to plunge with keener anguish into the gulphs of despair, the wretch whose heart had never sickened for the splendours of pomp, and whose days had moved calm in inglorious obscurity. Yet weak-sighted mortals viewed my actions and admired, whilst the piercing eye of the everlasting beheld their motives and abhorred. Happy should I be to amend the past by the present, or to mitigate the fury of the indignation to come. But the scymetar of vengeance hangs suspended in my view, I hear the sentence of malediction which sounds as thunder in my ears, and I feel the last horrors of agonizing despair. Insulting vanities of a faithless world! why was my heart enamoured of the graces of thy deceit? Only to look with pleasure on thy allurements, is to assume the chains of thy bondage; to seek thy gratifications is to follow pain without profit, and to persevere in thy pursuits is reprobation without hope. A few moments space will evince the dreadful truth, for a few moments space and the life of Osir is no more. Happy shall you be, my friends, whose errors are corrected by my fatal mistake, and whose minds shall be imprinted with this important remembrance, that no action however splendid can secure the favour of the Deity, unless it correspond with good designs, which can alone stamp its value, and that though you mislead the erring judgment of man by fallacious appearances, 'tis impossible to mislead the unerring judgment of God."

The hand of the omnipotent sealed his lips at these words, and a convulsive agony announced the approach of dissolution; his eyes were averted with horror from the flying javelin of death, and expiring his last groan, he slept the sleep of his fathers in the tomb of Mahaleel.

SELECT REFLECTIONS ON EDUCATION.

A Fortune acquired by commerce, when it is discreetly expended in advancing learning, acquires a grace and elegance, which a life devoted to the accumulation of money, for its own sake, can seldom possess.

Few of us are so improved by philosophy, though we study and admire it, as not to feel the influence of interested motives. This insensibly blinds the understanding, and often impels the judgment to decide unjustly, without the guilt of intention.

Not only the taste, but the religion, the virtue, and even the liberties of our country, greatly depend upon that discipline which lays the foundation of improvement in ancient learning. True patriotism and true valour, originate from that enlargement of mind, which the well-regulated study of philosophy, poetry, and history, tends to produce; and if we can recal the ancient discipline we may perhaps recal the generous spirit of ancient virtue. He who is conversant with the best Greek and Roman writers, with a Plato, a Xenophon, and a Cicero, must imbibe, if he be not deficient in the powers of intellect, sentiments no less liberal and enlarged than ingenious and elegant.

A certain enlargement, refinement, and embellishment of the mind, is the best and noblest effect of classical instruction. It is not only desirable, as it qualifies the mind for this or that profession, but as it opens the source of pure pleasures, unknown to the vulgar. Its tendency is to adorn and improve human nature, and to give the ideas a noble elevation.

The possession of an elegant mind is greatly superior to the possession of a fortune, and the enjoyment of a good conscience is far superior to both.

The passions will sometimes ruffle the stream of happiness in every man; but they are least likely to discompose him, who spends his time in letters, and who at the same time studies virtue and innocence, which indeed have a natural connection with true learning.

He who has caught the spirit of the polite writers of the politest ages and cities, must possess a peculiar degree of polish and comprehension of mind.

The best kind of education is that which endeavours to improve the powers of understanding for their own sake; for the sake of exalting the endowments of human nature, and becoming capable of sublime and refined contemplation. This furnishes a power of finding satisfactory amusement for those hours of solitude, which every man must sometimes know in the busiest walks of life; and it constitutes one of the best supports of old age, as well as the most graceful ornament of manhood. Even in the commercial department it is most desirable; for besides that it gives a grace to the man in the active stage of life, and in the midst of his negotiations, it 'enables him to enjoy his retreat with elegance,' when his industry has accumulated the object of his endeavours.

If taste, which classical learning immediately tends to produce, have no influence in amending the heart, or in promoting virtuous affections; if it contribute not to render men more humane, and more likely to be disgusted with improper behaviour, as a deformed object, and pleased with rectitude of conduct, as beautiful in itself; if it be merely an ornamental appendage; it must be owned, that life is indeed too short to admit of long attention to mere embellishment. Polite learning, on the contrary, is found to be friendly to all that is amiable and laudible in social intercourse; friendly to morality. It has a secret but powerful influence in softening and meliorating the disposition. True and correct taste directly tends to restrain the extravagancies of passion, by regulating that nurse of passion, a discorded imagination.

To be completely skilled in ancient learning is by no means a work of such insuperable pains. The very progress itself is attended with delight, and resembles a journey through some pleasant country, where every mile we advance new charms arise. It is certainly as easy to be a scholar, as a gamester, or many other characters equally illiberal and low. The same application, the same quantity of habit, will fit us for one as well as for the other. As to those who tell us with an air of seeming wisdom, that it is by men, not books, that we must study to become knowing; repeated experience teaches this to be the common consolation and language of dunces.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

CANDIDUS,

No. I.

(Concluded from page 214.)

HE that would rise superior to the common level of mankind, exalted in knowledge, useful to himself and to mankind, must keep attention ever on the watch to seize some subject worthy of reflection with a spirit of investigation, which no difficulties can damp; he must suffer no proposition, however obscure and intricate, to escape the grasp of his mind till perseverance hath effected its solution: If any thing more than another occasions man to differ more from man than man from beast, it is this; and I have been often led to doubt, whether it will not alone account for all that difference in mind which is commonly ascribed to superiority in capacity. True indeed it is, that this improvement is not always accompanied with delight. "Those reflections (says Burke) are melancholy enough which carry us beyond the mere surface of things." The world exhibits too much evil to the mind to permit its reflections to be uniformly pleasant. But as the same author again observes, the same philosophy which causes the grief, will administer the comfort; and would not he or any other, who possesses this most valuable attainment, prefer it, with all its sorrows, to a state of thoughtless inattention? Of all the complaints of studious men, want of memory is the greatest and the most frequent. So universal indeed is the expression of sorrow for deficiency in retentive capacity, that this faculty would seem a gift most sparingly bestowed the distinguishing characteristic of a few, the happy favorites of nature. But without favour and without respect, nature holds the balance of being with impartial hand, and with very few exceptions, every member of humanity is equal in the scale.

Man was endowed with the seeds of his faculties to be matured by his cultivation and memory; not the least of those faculties is in the least subject to his power. That men, when placed in similar circumstances, will receive through the senses similar impressions, I trust will be universally admitted. It appears to me no less evident, that such impressions may be in all equally lasting. It is not then the want of capacity in any to retain, but the want of exertion in most to imprint, that occasions the former; and Man, not Nature, is deficient in duty. Yet, this charge is not universally incurred; many there are who employ much of their time in endeavouring to improve the faculty of recollection, but in spite of their efforts, they still find ample cause for complaint. If men (generally speaking) are equally fitted both to receive and to retain, the charge must still revert upon themselves, with the aggravation of time mispent in injudicious exertions. The method generally pursued among young men to assist the memory, is to enter into a common place book the most material observations and events in the course of their reading; this, though stamped with the approba-

tion and deriving credit from the recommendation of the philosophic Locke, is not without its imperfections. The practice betrays the student into a prejudicial confidence, trusting to his notes, he neglects to make the first impressions firm and lasting; and in his recurrences to his book he distracts his attention with a vast collection of heterogeneous matter; the different parts of which hold a place in his recollection no longer than he reads them, each being driven out by that which succeeds. "What is twice read (says the judicious author of the Idler,) is commonly better remembered than what is described;" and no little credit is due to this opinion, when delivered by a man, the value and extent of whose literary acquisitions deservedly gained him the appellation of the walking library. As the impression made by one body on another is stronger or weaker in proportion to the time of pressure, so the firmness with which an idea is fixed in the memory, is in proportion to the weight applied by the continuance of thought. Let the reader, before he changes his subjects, revolve with patient attention in his mind the sentiments he would imbibe, or the events he would remember, until he has thoroughly stamped them with all the principles and consequences of the former, and the causes, connections and effects of the latter. Let him in the solitary hour when books are not near, and company do not interrupt by continued reflection, firmly imprint spontaneous associations, and by studious recollection renew and confirm the past. The knowledge so gained will be far more solid and lasting than that for which we depend upon a few uncorrected transcriptions. Conversation has with justice been called the soul of society. Man must, in intercourse with his fellow creatures, exercise and refine those passions and affections with which he is endowed, and of which they are the subjects: and in the worlds of business and of pleasure, the convenience and happiness of each state, depends upon the united endeavours of the whole; so in the world of literature, a mutual communication of ideas increases the stock of individual knowledge. While the student disdains not to converse with men in every rank, let him choose for his intimates the ingenious and the learned. One great impediment in the way of mental improvement, is the neglect of opportunities for study. Carpe diem, is an advice as generally unattended to as its goodness is admitted. The state of the mind is no more than that of the body is uniform and regular. Various as the atmospheric changes, it is now dull, inapprehensive and listless; now flighty and impatient, again in happier hour, fitted to imbibe with avidity, comprehend with clearness, and retain with exactness. How often in this vigorous and active state are its impulses neglected, How often when disgust succeeds enjoyment, when satiated with pleasure, and fatigued with the tumults of society, the mind is disengaged and vacant; with an appetite whetted for the variety of solid entertainment, do we instead of gratifying its propensity, seat ourselves down to indulge idle regret, or to form still more idle schemes of future dissipation. To seize such, and every opportune moment, we should be ever on the watch, they will frequently occur, and if improved will always produce

present delight and permanent advantage. To complain of nature when ourselves are in the fault, and to ascribe to deficiency of capacity, what is the result of want of industry, is the common practice of idleness in every condition of life. But in spite of the clamours of men, it will ever remain an axiom in morals, that want of judgment in acting, is the cause of embarrassment and confusion; and cessation from labour, the death of body and mind.

INDUSTRY.

DILIGENCE, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endued with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. In youth the habits of industry are most easily acquired.—In youth the incentives to it are the strongest; from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, all the prospects which the beginning of life affords.

Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. He who is a stranger to it may possess, but cannot enjoy; for it is labour only which gives relish to pleasure.—It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body.

We should seek to fill our time with employments which may be reviewed with satisfaction. The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth. The desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments, and many virtues. But though our train of life should not lead us to study, the course of education always furnishes proper employments to a well-disposed mind. Whatever we pursue, we should be emulous to excel.

Generous ambition and sensibility to praise, are, especially at the youthful period, among the marks of virtue. We never ought to think that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts us from the duties of application and industry: industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God.

SINCERITY.

How often is debility of mind, and even badness of heart, concealed under a splendid exterior! The fairest of the species, and of the sex, often want sincerity; and without it every other qualification is rather a blemish than a virtue or excellence. Sincerity operates in the moral, somewhat like the sun in the natural world; and produces nearly the same effects on the dispositions of the human heart, which he does on inanimate objects. Wherever sincerity prevails, and is felt, all the smiling and benevolent virtues flourish most, disclose their sweetest lustre, and diffuse their richest fragrance.

OBSERVATION.

THE possession of knowledge, and an happy talent of communicating knowledge, are qualifications seldom united in the same person; nor is it altogether easy to determine from which of them, separately, a reader would chuse to accept, with preference, a treatise upon any subject. From the one we receive even little information with much satisfaction; while any improvement extracted from the other is obtained with labour, and, perhaps too, even with disgust.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Peters, Captain THOMAS BARNARD, of Boston, to Miss LOUISA HINCKLEY, of Konny-brook.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Foster, Mr. PETER UTT, to the amiable Miss AMELIA FAIRLEY, both of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 25th ult. to the 7th inst.

	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds		OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.	
	6.	A. M.	3. P. M.	6.	3.	6.	3.
Dec. 25	23	35		w.	nw.	clear do.	lt. wind do.
26	20	50	33	n.	w.	cloudy, do.	lt. wind do.
27	26		35	nw.	do.	clear do.	lt. wind do.
28	26		32 75	w.	do.	clear do.	lt. wind do.
29	32		36 75	w.	do.	clear do.	lt. wind do.
30	25 75		36	ne.	se.	cloudy, lt. wd. snow h. do.	
31	36		40 50	sw.	w.	fn. 2 in. deep sm. rn. at nt.	
Jan. 1	27		33	w.	do.	cloudy, lt. wd. clear do.	
2	23		28	nw.	w.	clear light wind do. do.	
3	22		26	ne.	do.	clear h. wind do. lt. do.	
4	19 50		30	nw.	sw.	cloudy lt. wd. snow do. half	
5	23 50		28 50	w.	do.	inch of snow on a level. clear	
6	27 75		39 25	sw.	w.	lt. wd. cloudy h. do. clear	
7	17		22 50	n.	w.	lt. wd. do. h. do. clear lt. do.	
						cloudy lt. wd. clear do.	

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

FOR DECEMBER 1796.

Mean Temperature of the Thermometer at sun-rise	23	6
Do. do. of the do. at 3 P. M.	34	62
Do. do. for the whole month	30	34
Greatest monthly range between the 6th and 24th	35	26
Do. do. in 24 hours, between the 19th and 20th	21	50
Warmest day the 6th	45	75
Coldest do. the 24th	10	50
5 Days it rained, and a considerable quantity has fallen.		
4 Do. it snowed, and nearly 6 inches has fallen.		
25 Do. the wind was at the observation hours, to the Westward of north and south.		
6 Do. the do.		do. Eastward of do.
13 Do. it was clear at the observation hours		
10 Do. it was cloudy at the do. do.		
21 Do. the Mercury was at or below freezing at sun-rise		
N. B. On the 6th inst. there was a plentiful rain, the first of any consequence, since the 3d of October.		

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO THE SETTING SUN.

I.

AH! whither st'est thou, fair retiring light—
Why fade those rays that shone 'ere while so bright?
Now o'er the wave thy sinking glories stream,
And now—ah now!—we lose thy latest beam.

II.

Dost thou to Neptune's pearly courts repair,
And view the lovely Nereids sporting there;
With thy fair beams illumine the coral groves,
Where Triton's wander and where Thetis roves.

III.

Or dost thou shed in other worlds thy ray,
And give to other climes a new-born day?
What joy, what transports, wait thy glad return,
When thro' the clouds of Night breaks forth the Morn.

IV.

Yet those there are who hate thy cheering beam—
In whose dark breasts no rays of pleasure gleam:
Who, from thy bright approach unwelcome run,
"And sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun."

V.

Thus once was I, with heavy grief oppress'd,
The morn no pleasure gave, the night no rest;
Till cheering Friendship lent her beaming ray,
And all was pleasure with the opening day.

CLARA.

New-York, Oct. 12, 1796.

THE ADIEU—TO A FAVOURITE GROVE.

WHILST dreary Winter clothes the Landscape round,
And sober Eve her dusky mantle veers;
Here let me studious on this rising mound
Recline, and give to yonder stream my tears.

Yon pleasing plain, yon sweetly swelling hill,
Which oft with rapture did my eyes invite;
Yon dale irriguous, and yon purling rill
Shall soon be vanish'd to my ravish'd sight.

Yon shady bow'rs wherein I oft was wont,
With sportive youths to spend some votive hours,
Yon splendid mansion, and yon lovely font,
No more are cheer'd by Sol's refulgent pow'rs.

This lovely dome, this academic shade,
This pleasing grove, O! I must bid adieu;
But still each image shall be bright pourtray'd,
Rush on the Muse in pleasing fancied view:

Yes, yes, tho' to those scenes I bid farewell,
In ocular sight perchance to view no more;
Yet the mind's eye shall ever pleasing dwell,
And paint each beauty with extatic lore.

An Elegy to the Memory of a Friend.

WHEN worthless grandeur swells the trump of fame,
And venal titles on the marble shine,
To breathe its tribute to a worthy name,
Should not the task, O, generous muse, be thine.

If e'er the breast with pity prone to bleed,
The gentle feelings, or the judgment strong,
Deserv'd, sweet maid, the tribute of thy meed;
'Tis due to him to whom these lines belong.

Lamented shade! by thee was once possess'd
Whate'er has genius on her sons bestow'd;
The smoothest manners, and the tenderest breast,
The tongue, whence wisdom's purest dictates flow'd.

'Twas thine, the seeds of modest worth to rear,
And from misfortune's brow the cloud to chase,
Of poverty the lonely cot to cheer,
And to the troubled spirit whisper peace.

Of truth thou boldly strove to spread the reign,
Of superstition's night disperse the gloom,
To virtue's noblest exercises train,
And for a brighter world the soul to plume.

But ah! full fast our sickly comforts fade,
The brightest prospects bloom but to decay:
Too soon for us heaven bade disease invade,
And call'd to its blest scenes thy soul away.

No more we hear thy voice, with comfort fraught,
Nor in thy harmless wit soft pleasure find:
Mute is that tongue, the noblest truths that taught,
And cold the breast that warm'd for human kind.

Yet ne'er shall time thy fond remembrance raze,
Thy worth shall live in ev'ry virtuous breast;
The spotless purity that mark'd thy days,
A lasting epitaph hath there impress'd.

Full oft at eve, while social circles meet,
And cheat with various lore the passing hour;
With pensive eyes we'll mark thy vacant seat,
And thy lost converse fruitlessly deplore.

Tho' thy instructive voice no more we hear,
Thy blameless life shall not unuseful teach;
Thy gentle virtues, in remembrance dear,
Shall yet thro' many a day persuasive preach.

SONNET.—TO THE MOON.

REGENT of night, thy presence most I love,
When from between the lowering clouds array'd,
In mild effulgence, o'er the silver cove
Thou spread'st a dubious light, and chequer'd shade.

At such a time my visionary mind
Thro' Fancy's glass sees forms aerial rise;
'Tis then the breathings of the passing wind
Seem to my listening ear Misfortune's sighs:—

Nor only seem: for tho' at dead of night
Labour recruits his strength in deepest sleep,
And rosy Youth enjoys his slumbers light,
Desponding Penury still wakes to weep.

Regent of night! thy softest influence shed:
Ye rising storms, oh! spare her houseless head!

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